DR. TALMAGE'S CHURCH DESTROYED SUNDAY MORNING.

The Sermon He Had Intended to Preach. How the Christian Traveler Should Pro-Home.

Brooklyn, Oct. 14 .- (Special.) Dr. Talmage's tabernacle, in this city, was destroyed by fire early Sunday morning. Your correspondent, however, received from Dr. Talmage a copy of the sermon which he had intended to preach.

The subject of his sermon was "The Saving Look," and the text Hebrews xii, 2: "Looking unto Jesus." Dr. Talmage said:

In the Christian life we must not go slipshod. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldier's uniform, who have a right to be away. They obtained a furlough and they are honestly and righteously off duty; but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there never will be a single instant in which we will have a right to be off duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the excitements of the old Roman and Grecian games-those games that sent a man on a race, with such a stretch of nerve and muscle, that sometimes when he came up to the goal, he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and only had strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it | -but "run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus," and just as in the olden times, a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by his holy spirit we may so run as to obtain.

chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive apparatus; but Welliston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort, and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all my theology is compassed in these three words: "Looking unto Jesus," and when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity

The distinguished Welliston, the

and the immensity of that passage we can understand all. CHRIST OUR PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

I remark in the first place, we must look to Christ as our personal Saviour, Now, you know as well as I, that man is only a blasted ruin of what he once was. There is not so much difference between a vessel coming out of Liverpool harbor, with pennants flying and the deck crowded with good cheer, and and the guns booming, and that same vessel driving against Long Island coast, the drowning passengers ground to pieces amid the timbers of the broken up steamer, as there is between man as he came from the hands of God, equipped for a grand and glorious voyage, but afterward, through the pilotage of the devil, tossed and driven and crushed, the coast of the near future strewn with the fragments of an awful and eternal shipwreck. Our body is wrong. How easily it is ransacked of disease. Our mind is wrong. How hard it is to remember, and how easy to forget. The whole nature disordered, from the crown of the head to the sole of the footwounds, bruises, putrefying sores. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men for that all have sinned." There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the root of the tree, and coming up to the branches reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end of the branch the tree is dead. Its seeds fall to the ground and start other plants just as murderous.

And so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that was planted in our soul a long while ago, and it comes winding about the body and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning—killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now, there would be no need of my discoursing upon this if there were no way of plucking out that plant. It is a most inconsiderate thing for me to come to a man who is in financial trouble and enlarge upon his trouble if I have no alleviation to offer. It is an unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. But I have a right to come to a man in financial distress or physical distress if I have financial re-enforcement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverberates a song of salvation. Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance, sounding: "Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon, the conqueror knocks and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. The famine struck pick up the manna that falls in the wilderness and the floods clap their hands, saying: "Drink, oh thirsty soul, and live for-ever," and the feet that were torn and

THE TABERNACLE BURNED deep cut on the rocky bridle path of sin now come into a smooth place, and the dry alders crackle as the pant-ing hart breaks through to the water brooks, and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, yea to purple, yea to flame, from horizon to horizon. The batteries of temptation silenced. Troubles that ceed on His Way to His Heavenly to fight on our side. Not as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto Jesus." "But what do you mean by 'Looking unto Jesus?' " some one inquires. I mean faith. "What do you mean by faith?" I mean believing. "What do you mean by believing?" I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me, and I have confidence in your veracity-if you say you will give me such a thing and] need it very much, I come in confidence that you are an honest man and will do what you say. Now, the Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in need of pardon and life and heaven, you can have them if you come and get them.' You say: "I can't come and ask first. I am afraid you won't give it to me.' Then you are unbelieving. But you say: "I will come and ask. I know, Lord Jesus, thou art in earnest about this matter. I come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, thou wilt give it to me, thou hast given it to me." That is faith. Do you see it yet? "Oh," says some one, "I can't understand it." No man ever did, without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say: "That throws the responsibility off my shoulders. No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer.

> All over glorious is my Lord, He must be loved and yet adored; His worth if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love Him, too "LOOKING TO JESUS."

I remark again, that we must look to Jesus as an example. Now, a mere copyist, you know, is always a failure. If a painter go to a portfolio or a gallery of art, however exquisite, to get his idea of the natural world from these pictures, he will not succeed as well as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds, or poured it upon the mountain, or kindled it upon the sea. People wondered why Turner, the famous English painter, succeeded so well in sketching a storm upon the ocean. It remained a wonder until it was found out that several times he had been lashed to the deck in the midst of a tempest and then looked out upon the wrath of the sea, and coming home to his studio, he pictured the tempest. It is not the copyist who succeeds, but the man who confronts the natural world. So if a man in literary composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison, or the rugged vigor of Car lyle, or the weirdness of Spenser, or the epigrammatic style of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he will not succeed as well as that man who cultures his own natural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to char acter. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot successfully copy a man whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try and live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not under standing that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowper, the poet, a glorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insan ity. The copyists got Cowper's faults

but none of his virtues. There never was but one Being fit to copy. A few centuries ago he came out through humble surroundings, and with a gait and manner and behavior different from anything the world had seen. Among all classes of people he was a perfect model. Among fishermen, he showed how fisherman should act. Among taxgathers, he showed how taxgathers should act. Among lawyers, he showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers, he showed how farmers should act. Among rulers, he showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find in his conversation or sermons something unwise or unkind or inaccurate; but they never found it. They watched him, oh how they watched him! He never went into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long he stayed, and when he came out, and whether he had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips and wagged her poisoned tongue and set her traps, but could not catch him. Little children rushed out to get from him a kiss, and old men tottered out to the street corner to see him pass.

Do you want an illustration of devotion, behold him whole nights in prayer. Do you want an example of suffering, see his path across Palestine tracked with blood. Do you want an example of patience, see him abused and never giving one sharp retort. Do you want an example of industry, see him without one idle moment. Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at his life of self denial, his death of ignominy, his sepulcher of humilation. Oh what an example! His feet wounded, yet he submitted to the journey. His back lacerated, and yet he carried the cross. Struck, he never struck back again. Condemned, yet he rose higher than his calumniators, and with wounds in his hands and wounds in his feet and wounds on his brow and wounds in his side, he ejaculated:
"Father forgive them, they know not
what they do." Ah, my brethren,
that is the pole by which to set your
compass, that is the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the roughness in our disposition, and the world would be impressed by the transforma-

tion and would say: "I know what is the matter with that man, he has been with Jesus and has learned of him."

Alexander was going along with his army in Persia and the snow and ice were so great that the army halted and said: "We can't march any further." Then Alexander dismounted from his horse, took a pickax, went ahead of his army and struck into the ice and snow. The soldiers said: "If he can do that, we can do it," and they took their picks and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. the lie and the lie an cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from his glory, and through all icy obstacles hews a path for himself and a path for us, saying: "Follow me! I do not not ask you to go through any suffering, or fight any battles where I do not lead the way! Follow me!"

THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS. Again I remark, that we are to look to Christ as a sympathizer. Is there anybody in the house today who does not want sympathy? I do not know how anybody can live without sympathy. There are those, however, who have gone through very rough paths in life who had no divine arm to lean on. How they got along I do not exactly know. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed, and they buttoned up a penniless pocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the fragments of an estate they were twentyfive years in getting with hard work, How did they stand it without Christ? Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the household. One fountain less of joy and laughter. Two hands less, busy all day long in sport. Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with love and gladness. Through all that house shadow after shadow, shadow after shadow until it was midnight. How did they get through it? I do not know. They trudged the irte a grocery store and asking the progreat Sahara with no water in the goat skins. They plunged to their chin in sugar or a bushel of meal as a gift. Yet the slough of despond and had no one there are hundreds of persons in every to lift them. In an unseaworthy craft community who seem to think the col-

there is another passage just as good: the hands of their people.—Henderson "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he Gold Leaf. will sustain thee." Oh, there are green pastures where the heavenly shepherd eads the wounded and sick of the

The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus and will gloriously break it open at the right time. Genesaret cannot toss its waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. The cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one tree left, full of golden and ripe supply. The requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there cometh after a while a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle march, a jubilee, a coronation. Oh, do you not feel the breath of Christ's sympathy now, you wounded ones, you troubled ones? If you do not, I would like to tell you of the chaplain in the army who was wounded so he could not walk, but he heard at a distance among the dying a man who said: "Oh, my God!" He FOR FASHION! said to himself: "I must help that

man though I can't walk." So he rolled over and rolled through his own blood and rolled on over many of the slain, until he came where this poor fellow was suffering and he Gospel, and with his own wound he seemed to soothe that man's wound.

It was sympathy reins the comfort of the Cloak Styles that you will think in seeing and taking hold of them. It was sympathy going out towards an object most necessitous, and one that stop in As you are passing!
he could easily understand. And so it

TO LOOK COSTS NOT is with Christ, though wounded all over himself, he hears the cry of our repentance, the cry of our bereavement, the cry of our poverty, the cry of our wretchedness, and he says: "I must go and help that soul," and he rolls over with wounds in head, wounds in hands, wounds in feet, toward us, until he comes just where we are weltering in our own blood, and he puts his arm over us—and I see it is a wounded arm and it is a wounded hand—and as he throws his arm over us I hear him say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

CHRIST OUR FINAL RESCUE. Again, we must look to Christ as our final rescue. We cannot with these eyes, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, than we have that across the At- Cigars, Tobaccos, J. S. CARR, lantic ocean there is another continent. But the heavenly land and this land stand in mighty contrast. This is barrenness and that verdure. These shallow streams of earth which a thirsty ox might drink dry, or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the bright, crystalline river from under the throne, on the banks of which river the armies of heaven may rest, and into whose clear

flood the trees of life dip their branches.

These instruments of earthly music, so easily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering in winter's cold, and the poor man augs d3m carries his burden and the vagrant asks for alms, and along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and woe, and holiness, and those walls made

out of all manner of precious stones, the light intershot with reflections from jasper and chrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald

and chrysoprasus. Oh, the contrast between this world, that will not be conquered, and that world where it is perfect joy, perfect holiness and perfect rest! Said a litsaid: "Mamma, will I be lame in heaven?" "No," she replied, "you won't be lame in heaven." Why,

when the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the heavenly gate it opens to him, and as the angels come down to escort him in, and they spread the banquet, and they keep festival over the august arrival, and Jesus comes with a crown and says, "Wear this," and with a palm and says, "Wave this," and points to a throne and says, "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come around to hear the newcomer's recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly arived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the praise of

the King, crying, "Praise Him! Praise Him!" Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that consummation when he said: "Just as the gates were opened to let in the man, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them.'

A System That Needs Changing.

No reasonable man, who is not an object of charity, would think of going they put out into a black Euroclydon. umns of a newspaper are public property, My brother, my sister, there is a and the editor a man whose business it is balm that cures the worst wound. to "puff" every private enterprise of There is a light that will kindle up the whatever nature, publish calls for public worst darkness. There is a harbor meetings, church fairs, obituary notices, from the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Saviour's sympathy. resolution of thanks, tributes of respect, and all that sort of things for nothing, You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out body and mind and soul. I come on no fool's errand today. I come with a balm that can head any worth of free advertising worth of free advertising worth of free advertising worth. balm that can heal any wound. Are worth of free advertising, when they balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary. Are you persecuted? Jesus was persecuted. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bother Jesus comes. the mountains of Bether Jesus comes his means of livelihood—and to ask him bounding to your soul today. There to give away his space, is an injustice is one passage of Scripture, every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then

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